

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

MONEY! MONEY!

By Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna"



"I can't help it, Aunt Maggie. I've just got to be away"

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

An Engagement for Life

By Mildred L. Davidson

"WHERE shall I go tonight?" Barbara Lawton asked her mother.

"I don't see that you have to go anywhere," her mother replied.

"I just cannot bear that fellow, and why he has to come when I have told him twice that I would never marry him, is more than I can understand."

"I have avoided him every Sunday night for two months and yet he comes. I won't stand him, and I'll tell him so, so there!" and Barbara slammed the door and left the room.

"I can't understand Barbara," said Mrs. Lawton, turning to her husband.

"I think Frank Paige is a very fine fellow; he has a good position and I know he loves Barbara and could make her very happy if she would only let him."

"She has made up her mind not to like him and nothing will change her."

"As Mrs. Lawton had intimated, Frank Paige had been calling on Barbara Lawton for more than a year and had already asked her to marry him, but she refused."

"She told Frank that she did not care for him, but she told her mother that he was the best fellow she had ever known."

"I don't see how she can be so inconsistent," said Mrs. Lawton.

"I don't know, but I think she is a very nice girl."

Guilty But Insane: A Nutshell Novel

Mr. Justice Sneezum's Court was crowded to its utmost and a bit over, and the excitement was so intense that you could have heard an acid drop.

Honmy Mc'Gee was on trial for his life. He was accused of having killed, murdered and slain one Bewolf Ditchwater, the stamp collector, also of feloniously wandering abroad and the embezzling of seven dozen dog kennels with fraudulent intent thereof.

The case was black against him after fifty-two witnesses had gone into the box and each had told a different story.

However, he was ably defended by Mr. J. C. Hambone, K. C., who, in an impassioned speech to the jury, raised the novel plea in defense of the craven wretch who stood in the dock nervously tying and untying his bootlaces and twiddling his left ear.

"Your Lordship," cried the great K. C., "it is true the circumstances in this case to the gentlemen of the jury have given a patient hearing for forty days and nights are overwhelming against my client. It cannot be denied that each of the various acts cited against him is true, and that the late Bewolf Ditchwater did die by his hand, but I would plead in extenuation of the various crimes committed that my client is mad, crazy, loony, or, in legal phraseology, bally on the crumpet."

"It is commented the Judge severely," "are you really going to prove that the accused is really potty, as you allege?"

"Yes, my Lord," said the learned counsel. "The prisoner has for years shown signs of acute balmness. In the first place he has for a long time eschewed ordinary meat and drink, substituting instead on sea water, red ink and monkey nuts."

"Poo! poo!" said the Judge, "a mere eccentricity, that is all. What else?"

"For years my client has spent each evening on the roof fighting for elephants with a toothpick."

"Oh, pshaw—pshaw!" exclaimed the Judge vexedly, "most of us have strange hobbies."

"Well, my Lord," the great K. C. continued, "my client believes that he is the Emperor of China, sits on the job every evening, being under the impression that he is a kettle, and walks down the street on his hands uttering the cry of the peewit."

"There's nothing in that," said the Judge drily.

"And I would add," went on counsel, "that the prisoner once wrote a musical comedy with a plot, an entirely new joke and—"

"Enough, enough," cried the Judge, "there is no need to trouble the jury. Prisoner is clearly insane. I order his release forthwith, at once."—Ideas.

ODD FILMS FROM LIFES CAMERA

NOT TO HIS TASTE



Wilhelm—Vv can't I bid for v on mitout de or? Auctioneer—Because they are inseparable!

Making It Easy for Him

A very shy young farmer was courted by a serious-minded young woman who was not averse to him or to marriage, but she found herself after a long period of silent courtship no nearer the goal than ever; the young man could not summon up courage to speak.

One night, as they sat together in dead silence, of course—in her father's parlor, she decided that the hour and the man had come.

"George," she said in her most appealing tone, "if you love me and don't like to say so, you may squeeze my hand."—Pearson's Weekly.

What She "Exhibited"

The famous lady R. A. was seriously ill—nervous trouble, the doctor said, and advised a nurse. But the old servant, who had been in the family for years, insisted on taking on the duties. She bored the doctor by enlarging on the circumstances responsible for the attack. When the doctor could get a word in, he asked:

"Has your hysteria exhibited any signs of mystery lately?"

"Oh, no, sir," was the unexpected reply. "She's never done any of them. They was all water-colors, all of 'em, and real beauties, too!"—Answers.

Song of Songs

There's a song that falls like the early breeze Where the white mists shroud the meadow And a song that croons to the friendly trees In the twilight's silver shadow;

There's a song of storm and a song of shine— And it's each to its tune and meter— But the song that lives in this heart of mine Is a better song and sweeter.

There's a song that comes with the day's good wage, And a song to light its earning; There are songs that fall like the calm of age.

And a song of youthful yearning; There's a song that lifts when the day dreams go, And the glad years turn to many; But the blithest song is a song I know— And I love it more than any.

There's a song that springs from the heart of things, With the wondrous others round it, And I hear it still as it sings and sings, And I know that I have found it! But the song that's best in the winging gloam

When the rest trail silent after, Is the thrill and lilt of a welcome home, Of love—and a baby's laughter.

—Charles C. Jones, in the People's Home Journal.

The Perfect Retribution

William Henry George Erasmus, Michael Joseph Ezra Clark, Alexander Theobaldus, and Edgar Hohenzollern, hark!

You who've made this world a Hades, Who've believed in Stratify First, Raised particlar' (scuse us, ladies) Sheel at its brjnstone worst,

You who do not give a crumb for Mercy, truth and all that rot— When you've passed to that uncomfortable calorific spot,

Which we have above referred to, And you're frying on a grid, And your yowls are clearly heard to Penetrate Gehenna's lid,

Though your torments be augmenting To the ny-nth degree— May old Nick stay unrepenting! May he chuckle thus—"Tee-hee!"

And while flames eternal flicker Round you, may his impish crew Every seven minutes snicker, "IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?" —Nate Salisbury in the Chicago Evening Post.

The Transformation

The house was brick or stone or wood— It matters not at all. The furniture was bad or good; The rooms were large or small. Its floors were painted, scrubbed or stained;

Its spaces cramped or free; But spite of all that it contained, 'Twas as empty as could be.

Then they arrived; a happy pair, With laughter in their eyes, They stocked it up with joy and care In fashion fond and wise. A few mistakes; a little skill; Some things in praise or blame; And when with these Love worked his will

The House a Home became. —Grief Alexander.

She Gave Them A'

The gowans dinna smell aae sweet, Nor la'rock sing aae fine, Sin' Malcolm went awy ta meet Thae deevil o' the Rhine. It almos' brak' my achin' hairt, Tae watch him gang awa', An' yet the lad must do his part, An' for his country fa'.

Whan Willie cam' frae Dundee toon, It gar' my een ta greet; A' dressed was he in khaki broon, Bran-span frae head ta feet.

A grant' frae, sonie ba'rn was he, Soe fu' o' mirth an' fun; He went ta France ta bleed an' deefo' For him the feat' is won.

Pun-lovin' Rab was next ta gang— He donned his father's plaid— His kentil' died with red, He focht his best for stricken France, An' for our ain freestree;

He louped the top in wild advance, An' for oor country did. An' noo the only ba'rn that's left, We shall not part, ava; My puir auld hairt would be bereft Should Jamie gang awa'.

An' yet they shall not ask in vain, Although my hairt will break, An' tears fa' down like simmer rain, Tak him for Scotland's sake, —It. H. Langford in Kansas City Journal.

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY OLD KING CROW

A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER VI The Black Captive

(Peggy, aiding the Owls, Night Hawks and Whip-Poor-Will in a night attack on the Crows, is captured by the owls by Old King Crow, who, in return, releases her from the hands of the King Crow.)

"I'll do anything if you'll only save me from this fire," promised King Crow.

"Then, when I see it, I'll save you," said Old King Crow.

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"CAP" STUBBS—Force of Habit Did It

"DON'T YOU DARE GO TO THAT RIVER AGAIN! I JUST EXPECT TO HAVE YOU BROUGHT HOME DROWNED ANY DAY."

"AWRIGHT, I WON'T."

"HUH! MIGHT AS WELL BE TWO-YEAR-OLD."

"SHE NEVER LETS ME DO ANYTHING I WANT TO."

"ALLUS LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE EA SOMETHIN', MA IS."

"WELL GEE! HOW'D I GIT HERE!"

"HI FELLERS! LOOK OUT!"

"WELL GEE! HOW'D I GIT HERE!"

"HI FELLERS! LOOK OUT!"

"WELL GEE! HOW'D I GIT HERE!"

"HI FELLERS! LOOK OUT!"

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Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department or ask your newsdealer to this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

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